

THE COMET.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1884.

NO. 6.

Sewing is now taught in the public schools of Springfield, Mass.

Five hundred artists now have studios in New York City.

The beet root sugar manufacture is being overdone in Germany.

Montreal claims to have made about \$100,000 by her ice carnival.

Chicago's new public buildings are to be twelve stories in height.

An iron fence and screw factory has been started in Chattanooga.

Ten weeks ago had thirty-three cotton mills with 1,161 looms and 78,877 spindles.

Tennessee has some 20,000,000 of acres in forests, which are valued at \$250,000,000.

In 1885 the emigrant from England to the Australian Colonies were 37,000 in 1886, 71,000.

During the present century 150,000 copies of the Bible have been printed in 220 different languages.

There are 100 saloons in Nashville and 35 schools of all grades, and 65 churches of all denominations.

The Chattanooga Gas Company has reduced the price of gas for engines and cooking stoves to \$1.87 1/2 per thousand.

The Cumberland plateau alone is capable of supporting millions of sheep, besides feeding hundreds of thousands of cattle.

The total population of children between the ages of 6 and 21 years in Tennessee is a fraction over 561,000 including the colored population.

One million dollars will be invested in buildings and factories in Knoxville during the present year. The amount invested in building last year was at least \$750,000.

The East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia people seem to be spreading out. They are about to erect new car and machine shops at Knoxville, at a cost of \$100,000 and a new passenger depot at a cost of \$20,000.

A charter has been registered in the office of the secretary of State of Tennessee, incorporating the Lookout Mountain Campmeeting Association of Spiritualists. The incorporators reside in Hamilton, Knox and Shelby counties, Tennessee, and Pulaski and Fulton counties, Georgia.

General Butler is now said to have in mind to write a book of reminiscences. A Boston publisher says that if he would write a book in two volumes it would be easy to sell two hundred and fifty thousand copies through agents. This at fifty cents a volume, would give the author a royalty of \$250,000.

Mrs. Jackson and her daughter, Miss Julia, being in Atlanta, Ga., the other day, were visited by a reporter. To him Mrs. Jackson said: "We have read accounts of the brilliant reception tendered the daughter of Stonewall Jackson in London and other European cities, but I can assure you that neither of us were ever in Europe and never contemplated a visit across the Atlantic." "You do not understand how the story originated?" "No; I have not the slightest idea."

Mrs. Patti tossed her head and her eyes sparkled as she talked to an interviewer in New York thus: "Marquis de Caux is not my husband. We were divorced, consequently there could be no reconciliation. There is not the slightest iota of truth in the rumour. The idea that he and I were to be reunited! A year after I married Signor Nicotini. Does the public expect me to have two husbands? Am I to desert the Signor and go back to the man I left years ago and who no longer bears any legal relation to me? Such nonsense!"

The civil authorities in Cincinnati are going to try the experiment of taking care of the jail and its inmates once more, and have dismissed the militiamen. The policemen have been instructed how to use the Gatling gun in case of need, and one regiment of militia remains within easy call. The effects of the riot still linger, especially among the amusement-going people, who can scarcely be induced to buy seats for any of the musical or dramatic entertainments, for fear of a renewal of the shooting. The probabilities are against any resumption of the disturbances, now that the madness of the mob has had time to cool.

Important Land Grant Forfeitures. A fierce controversy is anticipated in the House over the pending bill declaring the forfeiture of railroad land grants. It provides for the forfeiture of about 37,000,000 acres of the Northern Pacific grant. It will probably create a most bitter contest, and it is thought, by members, that a long debate will ensue on the proposition. This is the most important of the forfeitures and involves more legal questions than the others.

Conkling and Arthur.

Conkling never asked a favor of nor tried to exert an influence on Arthur after he took the oath of office. He has made one visit to him since that time. He did it, as he supposed, at Arthur's earnest request. Just after Arthur was installed in office and while he was a tenant of the "Gray House" Senator Jones, of Nevada, appeared in Utica, bearing a verbal message from Arthur to Conkling. Its purport was that the President earnestly desired to see the ex-Senator in Washington at his earliest convenience. Jones, Conkling and Arthur were known to be friends. In the Senate, Jones and Conkling had relations which the troubles that sent the latter out of the Senate only served to strengthen. The Nevada Senator and the new President were under the same roof. Everything favored the idea that the one should be the bearer of an important confidential message from the other to their mutual friend. Mr. Conkling was ill and prostrate in his own house, wholly unfit to travel. He was, however, induced to start for Washington. Before reaching New York he began to question the expediency of the visit. At the Fifth Avenue Hotel he consulted with friends, who urged him to go to Washington. Jones could only say that it was Arthur's request, and to the advice of Conkling's New York friends he added arguments which only a mutual friend, fresh from the scene of action, could urge.

Conkling reached Washington more dead than alive. Proceeding to the Gray House it was not long before he saw that either Jones had misunderstood or that Arthur had changed his mind. It appeared to him that the visit was an intrusion. He did not seem to have been expected. Possibly he was not wanted. The Nevada Senator offered no explanation. The visit was of brief duration. Arthur, after an unimportant conversation, had business which required his attention elsewhere and Conkling returned to his old quarters in the city, where he kept his bed for days. He returned to Utica as soon as he was able. It was the last time that Mr. Conkling and Mr. Arthur met, except casually and by accident. They have not conversed together since.

Mr. Speaker Carlisle in India Ink.

There has been a custom for many years of having a portrait in India ink made of the Speakers. In accordance with this custom Speaker Carlisle has recently been pictured, and will in a few days take his place in the long line of Speakers on the walls of the lobby in the House. Mr. Covington's committee had not only to decide and pass upon the price to be paid, but it had also to decide upon the value of the work as a likeness. They decided it was true and correct in every particular and ordered that it be placed in the line. When Speaker Carlisle saw the portrait he said he did not like some parts of it, but he would have to bow to the judgment of the committee, which had decided it a good picture.

Democratic Gains in Indiana.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—The Indiana Democrats in Congress and employed at the Capitol are jubilant to-day over the returns of the spring elections at that State. Mr. Dalton, Postmaster of the House, says the returns show that the Democrats have increased their majority of two years ago, which was 17,000; that they have carried counties hitherto Republican, and that the Democratic party is in much better fighting trim than its opponents. It is also claimed that the recent elections give the Democrats control of the election machinery all over the State.

50,000 Speeches.

The House of Representatives has authorized its Doorkeeper to employ twelve men in the folding-room to fold the speeches of members. They are paid \$60 per month for their services, and will have their hands full until after the November election takes place. Mr. Cox said that there were 50,000 speeches in the folding-room already, and they are pouring in at the rate of 25,000 per day. These speeches are mainly political on both sides, but some of the most part are sent out as campaign documents at the public expense. As both the Republicans and Democrats are engaged in enlightening their constituents in this way, neither party has the right to complain of the other. It is an abuse and a misappropriation of the public money about which all seem to be agreed, and the constituents who are benefitted by reading the documents have no good reason to object.

Will some great Republican reformer tell the barbarian Southerners wherein the superior civilization of the North lies, and the distance it is from Cincinnati to Tewksbury.—*Lynchburg Campaign.*

A Round Billion in Banks.

"I suppose there are stored in the banks and safe deposit vaults in Wall street and vicinity not far from \$1,000,000,000," said Mr. Robert Pinkerton, as he sat in a comfortable, easy chair in his office in Exchange place. "I may be a trifle out of the way in my estimate, but not very much. The protection of all this wealth requires the services of a large number of men in addition to the usual mechanical and electric devices employed for that purpose. The bulk of this large sum of money is stored in the vaults of safe deposit companies. The vaults are built of fire-proof and burglar-proof material and made as secure as modern invention will allow. They are connected by electric wires with the nearest district telegraph office. Armed watchmen pace to and fro in the rooms upon which the vaults open. These men are required to give a signal over the wire at stated intervals during the night, in order to prove to the proper authorities that they are faithfully attending to their business and that nothing of an evil nature has happened. If the signals are not given an armed posse of men are at once sent to the vault in question. In addition to these watchmen there are other watchmen who patrol the street in front of the building in which the vault is placed. Private watchmen and detectives are also on the lookout for suspicious persons."

"Are there as many professional bank robbers now as there were formerly?" inquired the reporter. "I don't believe there is the making of a regular gang of first-class bank burglars among all the thieves of this country," replied Mr. Pinkerton. "Nearly all the old professionals have either died or have been arrested and put away in prison and the younger men don't seem to have the ingenuity of their predecessors. Look at the noted bank burglars who have been caught and shut up within fifteen or twenty years."

"The young burglars are now exercising their skill upon jewelry safes in different parts of the country. They have met with such success that the jewelers of the United States have been compelled to organize themselves into a society for the purpose of mutual protection."

Health Hints.

Don't shake a hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Don't try to take the right of way from an express train at a railroad crossing.

Don't go near a draft. If a draft comes toward you, run away. A sight draft is the most dangerous.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

Don't hold a wasp by the throat and while you throw it out in front of the stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

Don't try to persuade a bull dog to give up a yard of which it is in possession. Possession to a bull dog is ten points of the law.

Don't go to bed with your boots on. This is one of the most unhealthy practices that a man, especially a married man, can be addicted to.

A Spotted Deer.

Two young women were examining the animals in Central Park, New York, last Sunday.

"Oh, what a beautiful spotted deer!" said one. The other woman bowed her head and wept.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, you don't know how bad you make me feel when you talked about that spotted deer. I once had a spotted deer."

"Yes, my dear was a street car conductor, and we were going to get married, but the company spotted him, and he lost his position, and ever since it makes me feel bad to hear people say anything about spotted deers."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Matter of Enunciation.

"What is that?" said a traveler to a fellow passenger on a railroad train, as they glided along the bank of the Hudson, one day last winter.

"I see saw," laconically responded the other, as he glanced out on the river toward the ungainly object indicated.

"I supposed you did see, or I should not have asked the question. You saw, and I saw too, but I did not know what it was."

"I said it was an ice saw."

"Very true, it is rather an eye sore, disfiguring as it does that pretty sheet of ice, which makes such an excellent sweep for the ice-boats to sail on, but still I am in the dark as to what it is."

"I didn't say eyesore. I said an ice saw."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Apr. 16, '84. MR. EDITOR:—Speaking of politics, this city is the poorest place in the union to hear the subject discussed, during business hours at least. Every day from sun up till sun down, the great majority of people seem to have some employment—something to keep them busy. The large concourse of men and women, boys and girls, the black and the white, the red man, and the yellow man, the young and old, the lame and the halt, the rich and the poor, seen on the streets in all directions—surging to and fro—all seem to have some object in view, and the great mass of them move at such a "break-neck" speed as to make an observer think their lives depended upon it. After a certain hour in the evening the crowd dwindles down to a very small one, and quiet, on ordinary occasions, is once more restored. Just at this time you will hear more of politics in Johnson City, Jonesboro and Elizabethton in one week, than you will hear in Washington in two months. I don't mean to say that the subject is not mentioned here, and that politics is unknown to the place, but I want to make the point that it interferes less with business and business men in this city than perhaps any other place on the continent. Of course the subject is thoroughly discussed in the hotels and such public places, but this is (I might say) only at night. There being no election held here except for presidential delegates to the National Convention every four years, the excitement is very little. Politicians from the states do most of the talking in the smoking apartments of the hotels. Men from every point of the compass meet in these places and tell of the wonderful powers of their respective candidates for President. Every side is well represented in these hotel discussions, the greenbacker, the independent, the blating, black radical, and the man for the side that wins. Some times it seems useless to hold either convention at Chicago, as the nominations can be made here without going to so much trouble and expense.

A teacher in one of the city schools the other day asked the children what kind of government existed in the District of Columbia. One little girl went home and propounded the question to her father. He was very much puzzled. He said to her that it isn't either a Kingdom, Empire, Republic or Democracy. It has neither Czar, Emperor, King nor President—but appears to be an institution with three heads and one body.

Jefferson said that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, but that proposition don't fit, for we never consented to any such thing. It certainly wasn't a government of the people, by the people and for the people, for as matter of fact the people have mighty little to do with it. The girl then asked if it was a monarchy, either absolute or limited, and her father pointed out the absence of royal families to prove that it couldn't be. He finally told her to tell the teacher that "this district was a small protectorate of the United States, chiefly used as a city of refuge for surplus statesmen that were slightly run down at the heel at home."

Last night the primaries were held in different sections of the city for the purpose of choosing voters to meet at the convention to day and elect the district delegates to the Chicago Convention. At some places the voters were as boisterous and noisy as they could be. Many fights happened—brick-bats, clubs and knives were used, and to-day many poor wretches have their persons adorned with bruises, cuts and mashed hands. The trouble that I particularly refer to happened in a part of the city called "hell's bottom," where the colored people are in the majority. No fire-arms were used—but had it not been for the policemen it is hard to tell what would have happened.

To-day the delegates have been trying to organize the convention—but up to a late hour to-night nothing was accomplished. Policemen line the streets in front of Willard's Hall where the convention is held, as if to quell and quiet some impending mob. A person not living here would think an election would certainly be conducted quietly in Washington City, but it is a mistake; what I have seen and heard convinces me that no place is free from the dangers that go with elections. It is wonderfully strange how differences in opinion will give rise to such deadly animosity between certain classes of men. Such men ought to be caged, and not allowed to roam at large any more than other animals whose nature it is to thirst for blood.

Mr. Editor, I would like to talk some on the tariff question but it is too broad a field to get in at this writing. Then I will keep nearer land by speaking of the weather. Although we are nearly in the middle of spring time yet in this latitude overcoats and furs and winter clothing are still worn.

The pleasant breezes from the South, and the warm sunshine for three or four days last week made us think Summer was here but we were sadly mistaken. We forgot about dogwood winter having yet to come and the squalls that come and go with Easter. We are now having a blinding snow storm. Nature seems to be fast asleep here. She hasn't put on a single new garment. May be she is dreaming of new styles, and new fashions, and new ways to decorate and adorn her wardrobe when she does awake. A few more days of sunshine and a few more warm showers I think will bring her from her slumbers and set her to weaving the beautiful robes she expects to wear during the coming season. GRAINGER

Not False.

Old Nelson Patmore was elected justice of the peace. He could neither read nor write, but his friends assured him that such accomplishments were merely side issues. One day Jack Maine sued the Commonwealth for false imprisonment. He employed excellent legal council, and every one thought he would surely gain his case. When the case came up for trial, the judge said:

"Young man, de 'dictment says dat yer wants damages for false 'prisonment."

"That is exactly what we want, your honor," said Maine's lawyer.

"Ch, huh."

"And we think, your honor, that we are entitled to five thousand dollars damages."

"Ch, huh," handling his papers.

"We claim that Mr. Maine's imprisonment was false."

"Ch, huh."

"And we can prove it."

"Ch, huh. Gemenen, yer say dat de man's 'prisonment wuz false."

"Yes, your honor."

"Uh, huh. He went ter jail, didn' he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Uh, huh. What am de meenin' o' false? Suthin' what doan 'zist ain' it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wall, dis man went ter jail. Dat's a fact, ain' it?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Dat 'zisted, didn' it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Dat wazn't false, den. De 'cision o' dis court am dis. De gemenen claimed ter hab been 'prisoned falsely. De proofs shows dat de State didn't put ter put him in jail, but did put him dar. De court hol's dat dar wazn't nothin' false 'bout dat. Now, de State had pertended ter put him in jail an' hadn't done it, dat would be false 'prisonment. I'll jis 'sen de gemenen back ter jail, an' fling de lawyers in de cost.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

What a Difference!

"It is strange how much difference a suit of clothes makes in a man's looks and weight!" remarked Brown to his friend the other day. "In my winter suit I weigh 228 pounds; in my summer suit, 219 pounds; in my bathing suit my weight is only 210, and—"

"Yes," remarked the tailor as he passed by, "and my wait is for life. If you would weigh yourself in your own suit, on public scales, you would be arrested for improper exposure of your person."

Brown thinks it was an improper exposure anyway, and proposes to patronize another house.

The Cincinnati Way.

"So poor Bill Stubbs is dead," said a Louisville man on the train the other day.

"Yes, I understand so. Where did it happen?"

"In Cincinnati."

"Did you learn any of the particulars?"

"Nothing, except that he died a natural death."

"Is that so? Why I was told he was knocked down on the street, and had the life beaten out of him."

"Well, that's what they call a natural death in Cincinnati now."

A Home Thrust.

A humorous editor, living in Austin, Texas received a cruel rebuke from his wife not long since. She had been to the theatre, and on her return home, gave such a very amusing account of the performance, that her literary husband exclaimed:

"Why don't you write that out just as you have told it to me? It would make first-class copy. You ought to write for the paper."

"No, I thank you. One crank in the family is enough," was the cutting reply.

Talmage on Bribery.

I unroll the scroll of political wickedness still further, and I see the crime of bribery. It is no light temptation. The mightiest have fallen under it. Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, founder of our modern philosophy, author of "Novum Organum" and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so preoccupied that when a little child he was asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded, "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign," of whose oratory Ben. Johnson wrote, "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end," having an income which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—\$26,000 a year and Twickenham Court a gift, and princely estate in Hertfordshire and Gorbamby, yet, under this temptation to bribery, falling flat into ruin on his confession of taking bribes, giving as an excuse that all his predecessors took them; he was fined \$200,000, or what corresponds with our \$200,000, and imprisoned in London Tower. So also Lord Chancellor Macclesfield fell, so also Lord Chancellor Waterbury perished. The black chapter in English, Irish, French and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you remember the Pacific Mail subsidies. All of you remember the awful tragedy of the Credit Mobilier. Under the temptation to bribery Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the Highlands for \$31,375. For this sin Gorgey betrayed Hungary, Althiophel forsok David and Judas kissed Christ.

You know as well as I that in the past few years it has been impossible to get a law passed by State or National Legislature unless there was some financial consideration. When a bill has appeared at the door the question among your representatives has been, "How much money is in this?" Reformers and philanthropists, with some scheme for the elevation of the nation, approach the door of the Legislature or the door of Congress, and are laughed at because their hands are empty. Political bribes offered in shape of proffer for office: "If you vote so and so, you shall take so and so." "If you will vote for my bill, giving a monopoly to my moneyed institution, then I will vote for your bill, giving a monopoly to your moneyed institution." "Here is a bill with which we shall have a great deal of trouble, but it must go through."

Crowd the lobbies with railroad men and manufacturers and contractors. Make an entertainment for the members, and when they are good and drunk have them promise to vote that way. Put \$1,000 or \$5,000 in the hands of this man, who will be prudent in the distribution of it. Put two thousand dollars in the hands of this man who will see that it does good. Be very cautious how you approach men. Now we want only four more votes and this matter will be all right. Give a thousand dollars to that very intelligent member from Westchester. Give five hundred dollars to that stupid member from Ulster. Now we have but two more votes to regulate. Give three hundred dollars to this man and he will be sick and stay home, and then give three hundred dollars to this man and he will go to the bedside of his great aunt languishing in her last sickness. The day for the passage of the bill has come. The Speaker thumps his gavel upon the desk and says: "Senators, are you ready for the question? All in favor of this bill will vote one or two hundred thousand dollars or a million dollars into the hands of unprincipled speculators will say, aye! aye! aye! aye! All opposed, No. The ayes have it." The money is wasted, the public treasure is gone, business is embarrassed, and our National and State Legislature become the sewers into which the filth and the vomit of this nation empty themselves. If you think that I exaggerate the matter, go to any of these places just before a bill is to be passed, and learn that I have not more than half represented the truth in the case, and that this crime of bribery is emitting the whole country, depleting our wealth. Oh, you men of affluence, grinding harder your faces. Oh, you children of the poor! Some of the finest houses ever built on Madison Square, and Beacon street and Rittenhouse Square have been built out of money paid for votes by railroad companies in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

The machinery of bad American politics is made up of about 500 wheels, and the cogs of these wheels play into a greater wheel, and this greater wheel has a tire of railroad iron and also a crank on which is the hand of Satan, and he turns the great wheel and that turns all the 500 smaller wheels in the political manufactory. What has been seen in other countries threatens this land. While as a consequence of partial legislation, the great masses of people find it harder work to make a living, we have too

many men in this country who are worth their twenty millions, and their forty millions, and their eighty millions, and they carry a Legislature in one pocket and Congress in the other. Revolution ahead. I pray God it may be peaceful revolution and at the ballot-box, where every wrong can be corrected. We had a forty years contest about black slavery. We are to have a ten or twenty years contest about white slavery. We are to have emancipation of American labor from the curse of monopoly. I do not believe in the union of church and State, but I do believe that unless the church of Jesus Christ rises up and proves herself the friend of the people, as well as the friend of God and in sympathy with the great masses who are fighting this battle for bread, the church as at present organized will become a defunct institution, and Christ will go down again to the beach with twelve honest fishermen to come up into the apostleship of a new dispensation.

Marriage increases the population of the country.

Something that should never be lost, yet seldom kept—a bad temper.

It has been asserted that Coke is the best legal authority on cremation.

No matter how hilarious a man's life may be, it generally has a grave close.

Glove fighting is called manly sport, probably because women do their fighting without gloves.

Burglars entered the house of a New Jersey editor, the other night. Even burglars will sometimes make mistakes.

The swells of London have what they call a Crush hat Club, though for that matter any club is good enough to crush a hat with.

It is a sir-prize that girls are after this year. But the men are growing cautious and are not to be mis-taken thus easily.

A poet sends a contribution entitled, "Why do I live?" It is because he sends his contributions to this office instead of bringing them in person.

A clumsy man, in getting out of a street car, stepped so heavily on a pretty girl's toes that her shriek made the horses run away. This is a decidedly stupid way of making a hash.

A preacher having married a couple in the church the other day, unfortunately gave out the very next hymn, "Mistaken souls that dream of Heaven."

"What can I do to a dude who stares at me on the street?" asked a young lady in a Chicago paper. You might hit him with your glove and kill him, if you can spare a moment's time.

A Philadelphia man compels his daughter to eat onions every night for supper, and thus assure himself that he can shut the house at 10 o'clock without locking in a strange young man.

"Into the hilt of love's blithe measure there has crept a curious jar and halt," sings Ella Wheeler. It appears that Ella's pa, too, comes down to the gate sometimes in his largest pair of boots.

The man who kicks his daughter's lover down three flights of stairs, sends her to bed with a scolding, then slacks the parlor fire and turns off the gas, should be sent to prison for contempt of court.

No Norwegian girl is permitted to have a beau until she can bake bread, and the consequence is that she is an adept in this culinary art long ere she masters the arts of dancing, painting, frightful looking objects on plaques, and spoiling brass by hammering it. There are some Norwegian customs worth copying in this country.

A Great Mind.

It was at a dinner party, and they were criticising Mr. Brown.

"But, pa," said little Johnny, "Mr. Brown has a great mind."

"What makes you think so, son?" asked the father, looking around sardonically at his guests.

"Oh, I heard him say so himself."

"At this there was a general laugh."

"You heard him say so himself, eh? Come, tell us what he said."

"He said he had a great mind to sue you if you didn't settle that bill you owe him."

The Very Latest Interview With Tilden.

Hamlet. Do you see yonder cloud over Gramercy Park that's almost in shape of a camel?

Polonius. By the mass, and struck out from both shoulders like a camel. Hamlet. Meddink it is like a wench. Polonius. It is sly, like a wench.

Hamlet. Or like a whale? Polonius. Very like a dead Chincoteague creek whale.

Hamlet. Very like. Polonius. No paralysis there.